VOL. I.

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NO. 1.

LITERARY.

Aspiration.

Could I dip my pen in rose-light, Fresh from fountains of the sun, I would paint the upward soaring. Which is ever just begun: Ages cannot waste its morning! Cycles but announce its dawning!

Track the never-ending spiral-Forward, upward, on forever! From the grand law of its being Nothing can the spirit sever-Treading, in progressive stages, Through the silent lapse of ages. Though it bear a wounded pinion

While it gazeth on the stars. And, with every upward impulse, Throbs against its prison bars-Struggling captive! weep no longer Even this shall make thee stronger.

Stretch out, O, thou human spirit, O'er the waves of sense and time, And with angels claim thine heirship To a destiny sublime! Ages cannot waste thy morning! Cycles but announce its dawning !

THE MAGIC ROSE.

A TRUE STORY.

Written expressly for the Banner of Progress.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

Not, perhaps, on the face of the wide earth, is to be found a more revolting class of persons, when viewed externally, than the rag-pickers and streetsweepers of our large cities; and yet, even among them, it has been my good fortune to find some high examples of virtue—I use the term in its large

dismal and uncomfortable. I quarreled with my- fanity, ran through all the circle. self for the real absurdity of being out in such detestable weather, though tolerably well protected by the best of boots, an overcoat with wadded and quilted linings, a rich and heavy array of warm worsted scarfing, a fur cap and woolen gloves. Yet the chill crept in, under, and through all, until I really shuddered with cold. This was all the more vexatious and absurd, because I had no apparent business out, and had left work that demanded to be done in my warm and pleasant studio. ass of myself; for I had come out, not only against reason, as we have seen, but actually without reason. In short, I was led by one of those monitions, or impressions, which, whether I will or not, do exert an amazing influence over my life and actions.

As nearly as I can trace and define it, the determining impulse probably grew out of this. Before rising in the morning, but at the same time and negative. being perfectly awake, I saw, in what seemed to be an impassable slough, a small rose bush. It appeared profitable, and cheaply purchased at very small exwonderfully fair and beautiful, though living in pense of personal sacrifice, I could not help thinksuch a foul and pestilent place. And presently, on | ing that there must be something in the child worth | have got anything for you and little Johnny." regarding it more closely, I perceived that it had attention, as, indeed, there is in almost every child, one open flower that seemed prematurely blasted, if one would but take the trouble to find it out. and two buds. As I looked, the larger of the two During the absence of the other girls, I had oppor- ple child, her beauty appeared so divine. How fearbuds, as if some soft, inspiring breath had blown over it, and penetrated into its heart, began to unfold. Petal by petal flew open, with a soft little musical sound, like what we have heard in the rapid evolution of the evening primrose; and a delicious fragrance came forth, that overpowered and seemed had been made for a much larger child, or the old to dissipate the foul miasma of the marsh. In a few black hood, that half covered her shining chestnut seconds there it was, a perfect flower, white as the what is quite remarkable, it seemed of that peculiar heartily at the absurdity of the idea.

"Let him laugh that wins!" was spoken in my ear, in tones of the richest humor imaginable. I but no one was to be seen. Presently I heard a predominated in her finely molded features; but audible, saying: "I am yours. Take me away out

Then the pale rose-lips, from whence the words came, blushed with a soft delicious tint of seashell. And then the speaker was no longer a rose; lifted and almost bared an arm worthy of Hebe herbut I saw instead the sweet, bashful face of a young | self, Such was little Mary, the street-sweeper. By | ciated with children like these? O, my poor child! girl, that seemed separated by a kind of halo from what caprice of Nature had she been made so the disgusting quagmire amongst which it stood. I strangely, so wonderfully fair; and by what freak of was pondering on the best means of rescuing the Fortune had she been plunged in a condition so utdragged down Broadway.

Breakfast over, I sat down to my drawing-table, resolving, as the day see med favorable, to finish a design, that involved som a close and careful thought, while I might promise myself freedom from the had among them, explaining, by a few simple words, me, mother—that a sparrow falleth not to the ground | the poor woman, hiding her face with her thin hands. dear five hundred," who are wont, for one reason or another, to hang on the skirts of a wealthy bach-

in a fit of desperation I threw on my overcoat, and then imagine. For a moment her eyes were bent on dashed into the street. Omnibuses there were in the ground; but when they did look up, they penemother, O, I shall be so thankful! I never can be abundance (we did n't have street cars then); but trated to the very depth of my soul, as no other eyes | naughty in my whole life!"

in no very amiable mood; for I didn't at all like the into it. turn things had taken. I never saw our muddy me-

tropolis with its most fashionable highway so utterly forsaken and forlown. As usual at such times, the poor little sweeping children were abroad, striving to make their small speculation out of other people's misfortunes—to glean the petty harvest that springs from bad weather. Arriving at the lower terminus of the Park, I observed a group of nearly a dozen girls, with their brooms, wrangling for possession of the walk that leads from Vesey street over to the corner of Park Row. Their language was as foul and disgusting as their persons; and shocked by their flippant ribaldry, I was about to hurry away, when one of the largest dashed her broom into the face of a little girl I had not before particularly observed. But when my attention was called to her, what a contrast did she present! The blow was severe; for one of the stiff stubs, into which the broom was worn, had entered the eye, making a wound from which the blood was flowing freely. The child wiped away the blood and filth which had been dashed in her face, so gently, so meekly, and looked on the offender with such an expression of pitiful dignity, that my steps were arrested at once. Not caring, however, at that moment to show the interest I felt, I retired back to an apple-stall, that I might better observe the true spirit of the

As soon as the girls looked on the bleeding face of pursuit. the little one, there was an instant revulsion of feeltle Mary, that niver strikes back again!" "No; nor | feeble light from a very small and extremely dirty niver hurts nobody hersilf!" cried, another. "An' window would admit. she mit a sick moder, an' der bit broder to feed, in-

ter de bargain!" put in a third. "Bad luck to 'em. purity and truth, one of which, at least, is worthy fourth. And so, after all, I found myself attending an indignation meeting, and like my poor compeers, It was a cold, bleak morning. A slight fall of | prepared to speak impromptu to the point in quesdown Broadway, everything looked particularly with expressions of contempt, execration, and pro-

girl; and having thus unanimously administered | could ever reach that dismal place. justice, they returned to hover round the young sufferer, with expressions of sympathy, rude indeed, but grateful to witness, as proceeding from such sources, and under such circumstances; and their | He appeared too weak to cry. Mary darted forward vindication was thankfully accepted by the child herself. Here was something of the force of character | and milk for you and little Johnny!"? —a sensibility to the beautiful—a response to the true and good, exhibited under the lowest and most In fact, I was afraid all the time I was making an revolting conditions! How wonderful must have | sel and pressed it to the baby's lips; and it was not self felt and respected-ay, and loved-amid the she discovered the wound which Mary had been tryutter wretchedness, both of soul and body, exhibited | ing to hide. by these poor children! What volumes does this simple fact speak, in behalf of moral suasion—of the irresistible power of Goodness, which, being posi-

Feeling that the present experience was pure and tunity to observe more closely the little Mary. She | fully that young spirit must have been chastened, might have been eleven or twelve years old; and land how truly had it taken to itself only the good, that there was something uncommon about her, was becoming all the stronger and purer for the contact revealed at a single glance. In short, it was not pos- with evil which it struggled with and so successfully sible for the coarse and ill-fitting garments, which curls, to disguise the fact of her extreme beauty. was forced on me by the fact, though I did not voice, sweet as if the very perfume had made itself | they had an expression of meek endurance, of chastened feeling, of care and suffering, wholly incompatible with her tender years. The outlines of form appeared equally perfect; and as she wiped the blood from her face with the corner of her apron, she

that she was the heroine of the scene; but she took | rows?" But the table, the paper, the room, were all trans- it so modestly, I was more charmed than ever. And figured; and I could see nothing but the cold, dis- yet, when I came near, her slight form shook and mal street—patter—patter—pelt! sleet, hail and rain! shivered under her thin garments with a suspense little Johnny; and then I'll tell you what I dreamed All efforts to the contrary at last proving fruitless, which must have been more terrible than I could last night. Some of it has come to pass already.

With the quickness of thought she darted away. I was fairly taken by surprise, and could scarce keep at length, pausing and looking up." her in sight as she ran down Park Row and turned into Beekman street. Just as I arrived at the corner of William street, she came out of a bread-store with a sixpenny loaf in her hand, and the moment after entered a grocer's, whither I followed to see what she might be going to purchasethere. She laid down a sixpenny piece, saying, in a voice that really startled me with its divine sweetness, "Threepence and little Johnny would die if I shouldn't be able to cup for the other three."

but you bes no tam Yankee!"

"O, yes, I am," she returned, with a voice and look of the sweetest pleasantry. "I am a regular clasping Mary in her arms with renewed sobbing; Down-East Yankee." "But you no come ober me mit de Yankee pass! No, Mary; you be honest; you be goot." And the

Dutchman subsided into the chuckling fullness of his self-satisfaction. Here was another testimony of good character, honesty, and punctuality! How wonderful! She took the milk with a little dimple of a courtesy that

grace, and off she ran; and away I followed in close

ing. Degraded as they were, they yet lad, in their lars that seem more like vaults for dead clay than heard the words. He told me not to cry, but to go vay, a sense of justice. Turning their brooms on babitations for the living; and, following quietly in the offender, with one impulse, they fairly chased her footsteps, I entered the area. As it happened, her from the field, crying with their many shrill and | there was a wide crack in the door, which gave me discordant voices: "Shame! shame! to strike lit- as full a view of the low and dark apartments as the

I have seen many pictures wofully touching, but nothing like the tableau which was then presented and universal sense—some beautiful specimens of altogither, as hurts little Mary, any how!" cried a to my view. In a corner of the apartment, which, spite of the squalor, bore traces of at least a wish for tidiness, was a heap of rags, and there crouched a female figure with an infant a few months old in snow was followed by sleet and hail; and as I passed tion. The above, with similar remarks, mingled her arms. She had abstracted nearly all the covering from herself in the ineffectual effort to shelter her child, and her slight form was shivering with Every one said something in praise of the little cold. There was no fire, and not a ray of sunshine

> As soon as the door creaked on its rusty hinges, the little one feebly lifted his thin arms and made a wry face, as if by the expression entreating help. almost shouting: "Bread and milk, mother! Bread

The mother uttered a shriek which was the keenest expression of joy I ever heard, grasped the vesbeen that moral power, which could thus make it- until the violence of his hunger was appeared that

"What! what is the matter with your eye, my child? Let me look at it! Ah! how did it happen?" "O, mother!" returned Mary—and I shall never tive, must yet subdue Evil, which is only transient forget the seraphic expression of her face as she clasped her little hands and looked up toward heaven-"thank our Good Father, who has never yet, mother, quite forgotten us, that my eye has been hurt; for if it had not been, I do not believe I should

It really seemed as if the spirit of an angel had suddenly informed and animated that poor and sim-

"But you did not tell me, my child, how it hap-

pened that your eye was hurt." "O, mother! Sukey Cross did it; but you must plumage of virgin snow, yet with a soft warm line Ordinarily, she must have been fair, to the verge of not blame her much. Indeed, I hope you will not. and look, like the cygnet's bosom-down. And marble paleness; but as the girls were speaking to Everybody fights where she lives; everybody strikes her, the quick feeling mantled over her cheek, in her, and nobody tells her it is wrong to strike back variety known as the Bridal-Rose. "A fine symbol hues delicate and soft as the blush of morning in the again." Nobody ever teaches her that it is wicked to for an old bachelor, truly!" I said aloud, laughing heart of a newly opened white rose. The analogy swear and use dirty words. Nobody ever speaks to her kindly. She never hears such low, soft words as then think of my vision. She had the loveliest of all | you speak to me, mother. Their words are all loud eyes-large, dark, lustrous, changeful blue. It and angry and wicked. Nobody loves her; and pray began then to look about me for some intruder; would be difficult to tell whether spirit or delicacy don't be angry, mother, because she doesn't know how to be good.'

Did my senses deceive me? Was I not listening to the wisdom of a sage, the love of an apostle, poured out from the lips of this little child, whom I had found in the lowest depths of filth and depravity? "O, Mary!" cried her mother, drawing the girl to

her arms with a yearning clasp; "must you be assomy children! what will become of you?" And the speaker wept and sobbed hysterically.

· "Do take a bit of bread-just a little! Do, mother, little sufferer, when the scene changed; and, urged | terly unsuited to her fairness? I asked myself these | dear!" entreated Mary. She broke a piece from the by some incomprehensible force, I was suddenly questions a dozen times, as I walked deliberately loaf, and, as she gave it to the famished woman, she over the very crossing referred to before, and for the | looked up with a sweet, serene expression of faith, that I had noticed and was pleased with their vin- out from her whole face as she added: "Do you for- that I might converse with her more freely. dication of the injured. I scattered what pence I get the comforting words you have so often read to without the knowledge of our Heavenly Father? Little Mary was evidently conscious all the while and are we not of more value than many spar-

> "But do eat a bit! that's a dear mother!" she continued, coaxingly. I'll give the rest of the milk to

inferred this, when, after repeated efforts, I found pause, but she began shaking as with an ague; and spoon from a recess in the wall, she began feeding afford to wait for outside proof." that I really could not ride five minutes in any car- then, as if the act of dire necessity were a struggle, the babe, while the mother tore off pieces of the riage. And so, after the third trial, I dashed on she held out her little pale hand, and I slid a shilling bread, which she devoured as if in almost the last stages of starvation. "And what did you dream, my love?" she asked,

> "O, I dreamed it snowed, mother!" "Ah! that was because you were so cold when

you went to sleep, my poor Mary!" "May be so, mother; but it was just as I was this morning, and so was the weather-snow and rain together. I was going down Broadway, cold and hungry, and was crying too; for O, I was afraid you I owe you, sir; and will you please put milk in my get anything, and leave me all alone, mother! I felt dreadfully, so faint, and cold, and sick! It seemed

"Ah! it be you, goot leetal Mary!" said the as if I should die; and if it hadn't been for you and grocer, his broad German face expanding into a little brother, I should have wished and prayed that kindly smile. "I don't trust many; dat ish true; I might. It was just as I was this morning-just as I have been a great many mornings." "O, my poor child!" cried the mother, again

would that we might, indeed, all be permitted to die together! There is no grave, she added with a shudder, like this grave above ground!"

"But let me tell you the good part," interrupted Mary. "All at once there was such a comfort came into my bosom. I can't tell exactly how it was; but it seemed as if somebody had passed a soft, warm hand on my heart till it melted all the ice, mother; might have been copied for a specimen of court and then I felt so warm and happy! I thought there was an angel near me. I couldn't see him; but he spoke to me. I didn't hear what he said; but I felt Soon after, she entered one of those miserable cel- it. I knew it, though, all, just as well as if I had

"So I went along. There was some trouble among the girls. They all wanted that place. I got it first, somehow, I don't remember exactly how; but a gentleman gave me some money. And O, he looked so kind—so good! I knew, then, that he was the angel that had spoken to me. O, how dearly Hoved him! and I shall love him always, mother, betterthan anybody else in the world except you and little Johnny. I know I shall, for I have seen him, mother! and he gave me the shilling that bought us all a breakfast.'

"It is strange-very strange," said the mother. 'I never paid much attention to dreams and omens; but my mother used to have very remarkable ones, and she believed in them. But do take a taste of bread; you never think of yourself, child!"

"By-and-by I will; but not just yet. Indeed, dear mother, I cannot eat now. I am—so—so glad, mother!" and the child burst into tears; but the sunshine of her hopes had painted rainbows on them.

"O, you will be strong! You will be well again!" she added, imploringly, after a moment's pause. "You will try and believe what I believe. I know, mother, that when the voice talks in that way, it

"What voice?" asked the mother.

"Why, the voice that seems sometimes to speak right here," answered Mary, laying a hand on her chest; "and so plain, too!" "O, that is nothing but dreaming, and because

you are tired and beat out, my poor child!" "O, no, mother; it isn't the least bit like dreaming I'm as wide awake as can be all the time. It's a real voice. Maybe it's the angel's," suggested Mary.

At this moment the mother turned her face so that had a full view of it, which I had not before. verbally; but I knew by the expression of their faces that there was a hymn of praise in the silence. Little Johnny, not quite comprehending all this,

and vet feeling that there must be something pleasant in what had brought him bread, clapped his little wasted hands together, and breaking off short from the wondering cry he had begun, sat laughing and crowing, with a bird-like instinct of happiness. The scene was infinitely beautiful, infinitely hely. I felt as if the intrusion of any other person would be profane. But the desire to serve them predominated over any delicate repugnance at interruption; and by a slight knock on the door I attracted the atthe frail barrier swung open, and Mary sprang for-

"O, here he is!" she exclaimed; "the very gentleman that has made us all so happy. You can thank him now, mother; for indeed I could not stop to do it, and you and little Johnny so hungry!"

"Pardon my intrusion, madam," I said, approachheld out her wan hand, a deep blush suffused her plorable a condition. She attempted to rise; but hear no sound. the effort was thwarted by extreme weakness.

"Give yourself no trouble," I said, taking a low stool from the hands of Mary. It was the only seat ordering her out of the shop, and bidding her never very purpose of showing the poor little sweepers filling her blue eyes with its holy light, and shining in that miserable place; and I sat down by her side, to approach or follow me again; at the same time

> "O, what a state you do find me in!" exclaimed Little did I think, when I enjoyed a pleasant home peared. in my good father's house, that I should ever come to this!"

"I know by all I have seen and heard," I returned, "that you have not always been in this state, nor anything like it. I have been attracted hither by an interest, that was suddenly excited in your child; and my most ardent wish is to serve you."

shrieked, "that you allow yourself to think of such a me of the Little Woman in Walter Scott's story of my present myster ious office and function seemed ever did, either before or since. In my selfish joy at | During this time Mary had crumbed a portion of thing? No one helps the poor without testimonials "The Tapestried Chamber."

to have the street for its stage of action; at least I her strange beauty, I would have prolonged the bread into the milk; and taking a broken pewter in this selfish city; and they, of all others, can least

"Pardon me, madam," I returned; "I have not intended to be a spy on your privacy; but I could not intrude myself on a scene I felt to be so sacred; and yet I was enchained by interest that would not let me go away. I have been thus, half involuntarily, an observer and a listener to all that has passed since your daughter's return. I need no other letter

of introduction than that scene afforded." The interest I felt and expressed affected her greatly; and she burst into tears. "O, it is so long, she said, after a few moments, "so long since I heard a word of kindness, that it almost breaks my heart now!"

"Mother!" said Mary, pitifully, almost reproachfully, winding her arms around her mother's neck, and looking up into her eyes.

"O, except from you, my child! You have always been only a love and a blessing to me. Ah, see!" she added, turning to me, "you know not what a child this has been to me!'

"I do not doubt it, madam," I replied; "but let us see if we cannot suggest some remedy for these apparent evils."

I could not but observe that my instinctive recognition of what she conceived due to herself, had aroused all her latent self-respect. It must have been a true ladyhood—ay, and what is better, a true womanhood—that invested her with such a dignity. as she sat there on that pile of rags, leaning against that black and crumbling wall. And I thought her at that moment, even as she was, in her extreme wretchedness, pallor, and sharpness of feature, the most beautiful woman I had ever looked on; yet I could have seen my right hand wither, ere it should approach her as the herald of an irreverent or unworthy

"Your kindness quite overcomes me," she replied; 'but I can suggest nothing."

I interrupted her by saying, "I am not very rich. madam, as you doubtless may perceive. I began life as a poor mechanic—a carpenter. But being in love with my noble work, I have elevated it into an art, and myself into an artist. They call me an architect; but I can handle my tools as well now as ever. I have some odd conceits and humors, as most men do, who live single to the age of thirty years. Once in a while I make an investment for my own private happiness, in what I call the Chance Stock; for which a large city like this gives frequent opportunities."

She looked up, as if bewildered by the ambiguous mode of expression I had chosen.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

Written for the Banner of Progress.

SPECTRE OF THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN. BY MRS. C. R. WILLIAMS.

I was once traveling through Vermont, on business, when I met with a singular adventure, involving a mystery which I have never yet been able, satisfactorily, to solve. The first day on our way out from Rutland to Royalston, a queer-looking old woman was in the coach; though no one could tell how she came there. She was a little, dark, shriveled person, with the most malicious countenance conceivable. No one seemed to take any notice of her, nor did she speak to any one. but she lavished all her attentions on myself, watching and following me wherever I went. There was the same dark blue eye, the same spiritual | Whenever the stage stopped, if I went to the brow expression, I had observed in Mary. Drawing the of a hill to get the best view of a fine prospect, or little girl gently to her couch, she whispered in was lured for a moment away, by wood or waterher ear; and then the two bowed themselves down fall, there she would stand, close beside me; together and thanked the Giver of all Good. Not though, for my life, I could not tell how she came there, still regarding me with the same wild and fiendish glare in her toad-bright eyes. After having been annoyed in this manner at three different stopping places, I gave up curiosity-hunting, and seated myself in the parlor of the hotel. But there, too, came my tormentress. In short, she continued to watch me, until within the last stage but one of our destination, when we left her

As we drove off, I saw her standing by the readside, and still regarding me with the same malicious look. We had gone, as I should judge, tention of the group. With the little jar I had given about twenty miles, and I was felicitating myself, as I thought, on the certainty of not seeing her again, when the carriage stopped, and the passen-, gers all alighted for half an hour. I then proposed to myself a good ramble; but had no sooner set out than I saw the little hag beside me.

Determined, if possible, to get rid of her. I took ing the miserable couch; and as the poor sufferer refuge in a store hard by. But the effort was fruit-Mess. In she followed. I called for trifles I wanted, pale features, while her whole form seemed to col- and she then walked up to the counter, and, peerlapse and shrink with shame. She had, probably, ling in my face with a look that seemed really denever before been seen by a decent stranger in so de- moniac, she affected to speak to me, though I could

By this time resentment had got the better of every other feeling. I turned sharply and resolutely, demanding who she was, and what she wanted. She returned no answer, but retreated from the store sidewise, keeping her eyes, with that same horrible expression, fixed on me till she disap-

The storekeeper stood in amaze, when I told him of the persecution I had that day suffered. He went directly out and made inquiries, but no one knew her; nor could any person tell whence she came, or whither she went. Our coachman knew nothing of her; and no one could tell how she accomplished the last part of the journey, at the and my most ardent wish is to serve you."

"Ah, what do you know of me?" she almost
I never saw her again; but she always reminds

The Banner of Progress.

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OFFICE, 522 CLAY STREET, UP STAIRS BENJAMIN TODD & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications designed for publication in this paper should be addressed "EDITORS OF THE BANNER OF PRO RESS." All letters in regard to the business of the paper should be addressed to "BENJAMIN TCDD & Co.'

This Paper, and the Reasons for Its Publication.

We feel that in coming before the people of the

Pacific coast with a journal devoted principally to liberal religious ideas, we are to a large extent meeting the wants of society at the present time. We are well aware that several previous efforts have been made in this direction and failed. What discuss; but if energy, enterprise, and perseverance will command success, this effort shall not be a failure. It would seem that every liberal-minded person must be aware of the present and constantly growing need of a journal of this character. As Spiritualists, we claim that we have advanced ideas of truth, that, when understood by mankind, will be of incalculable benefit to them. We know also that they are diametrically opposed to the commonly received religious theories of the present day. Past history shows us conclusively that those holding these dogmatical and sectarian opinions in religion will leave no means untried to hinder the truth from going before the people. They know too well the weakness of their positions to meet reformers in an open, fair and candid debate. They know that their bigoted theology would fall before the sword of truth, as before the reaper falls the bearded grain. But once permit the light of reason to shine upon the shroud of mysteries with which they have enveloped themselves, and it would fade away as quickly and completely as fades the darkness of night before the rising god of day. An effort must be made to stay the progress of our ideas, or theirs will soon be numbered among the things that were. Fire and fagots, sword and inquisitorial tortures, were wrenched from their grasp years ago, maliciousness that would recommend them to the highest honors to be found in Pandemonium. Not only have the religious press pursued this unmanly and unjust course, but the secular press, with one or two noble exceptions, have become allies, and hurled thunderbolts of vituperation and denunciation at the Spiritualists, and all others who were not willing to bow at the Dagon-like shrine which popular theology had set up. And now we ask the Spiritualists and the liberal minds throughout the Pacific coast, to lend us their aid in sustaining a paper that is pledged to battle every species of tyranny, whether it be political, social, domestic, or religious, until their crumbling walls shall have fallen to the dust, and their altar fires. where they have been accustomed to offer sacrifices to strange gods, shall have been quenched forever.

Bishop Kip's Bull.

If we are credibly informed, when that vast cathedral was building—where the truth is dispensed with, and where Bishop Kip and Popular Theology are now dispensed-all kinds of small gambling, such as grab-bags, post-offices, and, in fact, almost all kinds of amusement, were tolerated; sanctified, no doubt, by the holy end had in view. In fact, the Rev. Sir admits that there have been times when it was right to use such means, to help build up the Church of Christ. Poor Bishop! you made a fatal admission then. It is equivalent to admitting that, a few years ago, God was not able to carry on His church without the aid of the Devil and his amusements; but He has got a little stronger now, and can play a "lone hand," and all at once, becoming unmindful or ungrateful for the past favors of the Devil, He breaks partnership with him, and sets up for Himself. What new standard of morals, pray, has the Rev. Bishop discovered, by which to judge the actions of mankind? If it was right ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, why is it not right now? A man who goes back from two to four thousand years for his religious light and wisdom cannot consistently plead the greater light of the present day. Bishop Kip undoubtedly believes the Bible (?), or professes to, and that says that David was a man after God's own heart; and yet, when he wanted a little amusement, and to serve the Lord at the same time, he was accustomed to disrobe himself, and nakedly dance before his wives and the Lord. David must have been an excellent dancer, if he could withdraw the attention of the Lord from the rest of mankind, whilst he tripped the light fantastic toe in His presence. It seems to us, most Rev. Bishop, that if it was right for the holiest man that ever lived to dance naked before women and the Lord, in his time, there cannot be much harm in our dancing a little now, provided we go decently clothed!

To Our Readers.

The Editors of this paper will not hold themselves responsible for the sentiments contained in the articles of correspondents; but will allow them a free expression of their ideas over their own signatures, provided their writings are couched in decorous language and contain no personalities. We cordially invite all reformers, who have a thought to express, to do so, and it shall receive due consideration in its turn. We would give a word of caution beforehand, namely: let your articles be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow, and you will be more sure to get a hearing.

ARTICLES written by the Editors of this paper tion. The verse or two sung again, the evangelist will be distinguished by the initial letter of the begins to plead with them to come forward and writer's name.

The Philosophy of Religious Revivals.

The following is a description of a religious re-

vival and the power by which it is produced: In treating this subject, we shall do it with a spirit of honesty and fairness, and yet at the same time with such plainness of language that none need be mistaken with regard to our views. When from our present standpoint of forty years' experience in the world, we look back upon our unsophisticated condition, when we knew just enough to preach Methodism and get up revivals, we wonder not that we believed it to be true. Hence, we feel to exercise charity toward many in the ministerial ranks to-day. We knew in those days what steps were necessary to produce a revival, but we did not know the law. We verily thought that it was the Spirit of God that got up and carried forward the work of saving souls; but we know now that it was the spirit of Todd in all the revivals that we were engaged in. Our experience in latter years proves the fact. When lecturing on Mesmerism and Psychology, we have taken subjects from the audience and by our will-power frought them on to the stand, caused them to feel the arrows of conviction so severely as to cry loudly the causes of these failures were we will not now for mercy, and finally obtain peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and apparently in ecstacies of bliss, in a few minutes after going to their seats doing what ministers often do in their pulpits and dare not do out, viz: using the name of God without any reverence. Knowing, as I now do, not only the necessary

steps to be taken to produce a revival, but the law

their origin in Mesmerism and Psychology. When-

have a revival, no matter what the prompting cause may be, whether it be simply to increase their numbers or make them more popular, or, in reality, to save souls, the first thing to be done is to get the church into a state of harmony. The reason they give is, that God cannot work where there are dissensions among his people. It is a well known fact that harmony is the first law which must be recognized in Mesmeric manifestations. But let us for a moment'illustrate the policy of their reasoning. Starting out as they do, that it is the work of God, the conclusion to which we must inevitably arrive is supremely ridiculous. For instance, Mrs. A and Mrs. B are invited out in company with other ladies to the residence of Mrs. and the only means of defense left them is, to F, to take tea. Over that cup of tea a difficulty saved from this very hour." Says the poor tremcurse, pronounce bulls against, slander, and pre- arises between Mrs. A and Mrs. B, and it becomes bling, frightened one, still feeling the weight of varicate concerning, the truth and its advocates. of so serious a nature that Mrs. A declares posi- guilt resting upon her soul: "I would believe, but And they use all the means with a readiness and tively that she will not go to the communion-table I do not know how." Then comes a few magnetic if Mrs. B is retained in the church. And Mrs. B | passes of the hand, while he exclaims with an aujust as positively declares that she will not visit | thoritative tone: "Believe! believe just now! Pray, the communion if Mrs. A is retained in the church. And this little difficulty of two sisters, over a cup of tea, is a sufficient block to stay the chariot- its psychologized love, obeys the direction of the wheels of God Almighty, and the car of salvation cannot roll forward. Who that has one particle of common sense left, that is uncontrolled by prejudice or dogmatical sectarianism, would hesitate to fully canvassed the ground; carrying them pronounce such an idea as the most unmitigated | through the church and out of it, and showing at mummery in the world. But a state of harmony is obtained at last, and now what is the next step in | religious experience. order to bring about the desired revival? A sufficient amount of ministerial labor must be obtained in order to insure success. Their common minister will do well enough for common occasions, but they are going to have an extra occasion now, consequently they send for an evangelist. And what is an evangelist? Ask the church, and they would tell you that he was a person that was strong with God in prayer, powerful in preaching and exhortation. Should you ask us, we should tell you that an evangelist was one that possessed a large amount of psychological power, or, in other words, was a strong operator in Mesmerism. Now mark: this evangelist comes; joins his will-power to that of the church, marshals his forces entire, and walks out to attack Satan's kingdom. And they go in full confidence that they shall return bringing many evidences of their victory over the old adversary of souls. What course does this evangelist pursue when he comes before the people? Does he appeal to them through their reasoning faculties? Does he urge upon them the necessity of right-doing and right-living simply because it is right? of loving truth for truth's sake? Nay, verily: far otherwise. Ten chances to one if he does not select for his text something like the following: "And there shall be wailing and GNASHing of teeth." Now he appeals directly to their passions; seeks to arouse their fears; talks to them of an angry God, the terrible wickedness of sin, the eternal fires of hell, and the gnawings of the rings out his text with all the unction that he can attach to it: "And there shall be wailing and GNASHING of teeth." By the time his sermon is completed he has fixed the attention of the whole audience, and that portion of his congregation that are particularly sensitive or negative, are roused to high state of excitement concerning the welfare of their souls, as it is usually termed. The evangelist now comes down from the pulpit and begins to call for sinners to come forward to be prayed for. This is the usual course with the Methodist, and, so far as the minutia is concerned in the description of the manner of conducting a revival, I refer to them. They could once bring to bear a greater pressure and carry a greater amount of steam to will soon pass away forever. But this general description is like old Robert Thomas' almanac, published in Massachusetts many years ago. That was prepared expressly for the vicinity of Boston, but would answer for other places. So with this description of religious revivals, prepared expressly the world. Again, while singing, they are throw- in January. ing off their magnetic influence upon the people more rapidly by far than when in a passive condi-

time and a day of salvation. He exhorts them by all the desire they have to escape from the fear and terrors of the grave, judgment, and an eternal hell, whose fiery, sulphurous flames roll up for ever and ever, to flee now from the wrath to come. Again he beseeches them by all the desire they have to enter heaven and walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, bearing palms of victory in their hands and crowns upon their immortal brows. whilst they tune their golden harps and join in that song of hallelujah, and glory to the Lamb for ever, to improve the present opportunity to obtain pardon and mercy through the redeeming blood of that Lamb of God that was slain for sinful men As the result of these strong, earnest appeals, those most easily affected come forward and take the anxious seats. Every one that goes is a help for some other one to start. Sometimes, in the commencement, they are under the necessity of following Paul's example, and use a little craftiness and guile, by inviting the brethren and sisters to come forward and take their seats with the seekers. In the general rush many go forward that would not have done so under any other circumstances. The next thing in regular course is, that the anxious souls should be convicted; for there can be no conversion without conviction first takes place. Hence the sinner must have a fearful realizing sense of his sins before God, of the rejected offers of mercy. the unimproved means of grace; in fact, he must look upon himself as the poorest, meanest, and filthiest being on God's footstool. They all kneel down together, generally forming a circle, the brethren and sisters outside, and then they comalso by which these peculiar religious phenomena mence to pray: "O Lord, roll conviction upon exist, we ask our readers to follow us closely and their souls: let them see thy countenance when it carefully step by step as we map out the whole is dark with angry frowns on account of their matter. We propose to show you that they have guilt; let the terrors and thunderings of Sinai sound in their ears until their hearts shall know ever a church entertains the idea that they will the fearfulness of thy power, and cry out with agony and dread, God be merciful to me, a sinner!" They have discovered that God is there to convict: what they wish to ascertain now is, is God there to bless and save souls? The old warriors are in haste for evidences of victory. They are longing to hear the songs of the redeemed go up among the cries of the wounded. Now mark the course pursued by this evangelist. He steps up to some young man or young woman, (and ten chances to one it is a young woman!) takes her by the hand, and talks to her on this wise: "Now, my young sister, God does not wish you to stay any longer in this condition; you have seen yourself a sinner before Him, and all you have to do is to believe at

> evangelist and gives glory to God. In our next issue we shall continue this subject, and further on from week to week, until we have the same time the deleterious effects of psycho-

> · Lord, I believe! help Thou my unbelief!" and

once on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be

A New Religion Required. that was adapted more especially to the wants of the circumstances were considered reasonably famankind at the present time. We do not mean an | vorable, that there was a failure. She deservedly expensive religion, by any means, such as the merits the world-wide reputation she has earned in man's religion—one that will come cheap enough, as for the broad scope of her mediumistic power. so that poor folks can afford to use it every day. We attended her seance, given at Fraternity Hall, homeopathic doses, to the tune of from five to ten | bly would have been in attendance, had the weather thousand dollars a year. But few could afford to been more favorable. Nevertheless, there was go to heaven at that rate. A vast majority of the quite a good gathering of deeply interested and taking the other route. Again, we have had Sun- lent, and many remarkable tests were given. We day religion enough; we want something that have only room for one: the uncommon name of will go with us through the week. Who ever | Aravia Stanley was written out by her hand; also, heard of the Holy Ghost coming down into a print- the ballot containing his name was in the heap, ing office, (they have a devil there!) or a shoe- and, when requested to select it from the pile of maker's shop, or following with a farmer behind | ballots, he did so; and so correct were the answers his plow, or even attending a freedman's school given to the questions propounded by the lady in the Southern States? But He goes to meeting | who wrote the ballot, that it caused the tears to on Sundays; attends prayer-meetings occasionally flow; for she felt, indeed, that her loved and lost through the week, after a great amount of coax had returned to her again. With regard to the up revivals. The balance of the week, poor hu- seances, we would refer our readers to Mrs. Foye's manity has to look after itself; and just like children (of larger growth) left without a mother's worm that never dies; and every now and then he | care, the people are constantly running into mischief, simply because they know no better. And then God gets mad with them, because they do not behave better than they know, and He sweeps them off by hundreds and by thousands, sending them hellwards—saving only here and there one, just because He took a notion to do so five million years before He made them! What person of com mon sense will not say that we need a new reli-

Apologetic.

We dislike the practice of making excuses, and would not do so in the present instance, were it not that we feel it a matter of justice to ourselves and our subscribers, since we failed to issue our the square inch than any other religious body of first number on Saturday last, as we had prepeople known. But their glory is fast fading, and | viously advertised that we would. The cause of our delinquency was a matter entirely beyond our control. On the 26th of December, we took the drawing for the head of our paper to Mr. Barber, the engraver; gave him his own time, and his own price; and he pledged his word that we should have it the next week, on Thursday noon; and, ities" and "fallacies" of religious revivals and that there must be sin wherever there is enjoyfor the Methodist, but will apply to all other de- when called upon at the appointed time, the job nominations as well. But frequently, when the in- was not completed. And all the excuse he gave vitation came for seekers to go forward for prayers, for his broken promise was, he had been at work no one would start. Mark the next step. "Breth- for other people. Hence we find ourselves under ren, sing a verse or two." Now it is well known the necessity of commencing the issues of the that music is one of the greatest harmonizers in paper on the second, instead of the first, Saturday

Would it not be well for the Chairman of the State Central Committee to call a meeting of the members, and determine upon some time and place make their peace with God while it is an accepted | for the holding of the next State Convention?

Hell in San Francisco.

One need not await or expect an imaginary hell in the future world, but may realize to the fullest extent all the grandest horrors of Milton's Pandemonium, by even casually promenading in some quarters of this city. If discord, debauchery, drunkenness, and murderous brawls, characterize the hell of Milton's imagination and modern theology, surely it exists in terrible reality within a pebble's throw of the great temples of so-called religion. Jackson, Broadway, Pacific, and Montgomery streets make night hideous with all the incidents above named, to say nothing of the secret, silent rascalities which occur-as often, and make no sound upon the midnight air. Instead of trying to terrify men into their churches by exhibiting the horrors of an imaginary hell in the world to come, why do not the self-righteous Pharisees of San Francisco show them the hell of their present life, wherein are more abominations than the mind of Milton or any other mortal could ever conceive of? Why is not an attempt made to persuade and dissuade men out of these abominations by the strong, united efforts of all who pretend so great love of order and good behavior? The rattle of the dice-box, the shuffling of the cards, the jingling of the glasses, the thamping dance of heavy-heeled women, the tum-tum of "Celestial" discord, the odors of opium, the filthinesses of tobacco, the maudlin language of drunkenness, are heard in our streets the livelong night, and no remonstrance is heard where it should be heard, and where it would be effectual, namely, right in the midst of all these horrors. Where are the guardians of the night"? the "constituted authorities"? the "city missonaries"? We believe there is a functionary called a "City Missionary," appointed by some denomination of Christians. who goes about poking Bibles and tracts into people's faces; but we would like to know what good the Bible does in the case of these people, even supposing them capable of reading it. Will they not find in its pages ample justification for anything they may do, in the examples furnished by the "holy men" of old—men "after God's own heart" -not excepting even David, the great king of Israel, from whom the "Son of God" is said to vital fluids, and that if the cause of disease is have descended in a direct line? The fact is, there must be something done other than preaching and tract-serving, if the nuisances of society are to be removed within the next thousand years. Physiology must be better and more extensively taught and understood; the laws of life and health more strictly observed; and, above all, the teachers of these must be better exemplars themselves. How many of the "hells of San Francisco" furnish a revenue to members of Christian Churches in sense adaptation of natural remedies, which in very this community? A greater number than some many cases prove remarkably successful, and therewe shall look in vain, for any effective assistance in removing these evils, from the self-constituted monitors in the churches, or from their august and the work is done. The new-born soul, happy in dignified ministers.

Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye.

Some eleven years ago, in the city of Elgin, State of Illinois, we first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Foye. She was then traveling over the United States, giving manifestations of much the same character as those given by her at the present time. Our business, at that time, was traveling and speak. frequently met, and we had the privilege of at-We long since became fully convinced that the tending her public seances; nor do we recollect a world needed a new kind of religion; something | single instance, where tests were sought for, and wealthy alone can purchase. We want a poor her mediumship, for undoubted reliability, as well We have had rich people's religion long enough, on Friday evening last. The inclemency of the which we, at best, could only get doled out in weather prevented the very full house that probahuman race would be under the fatal necessity of | inquiring minds. The manifestations were exceling; sometimes goes to Sunday school; and follows | particulars concerning the holding of further advertisement in another column.

The deceased has been in command at Benicia for a believer in the absurdities of Spiritualism, as taught by the lecturers on that subject in San Francisco, and during a fit of insanity, produced, doubtless, by the fallacy he had taken to his bosom, he ended his life by shooting himself through the head.

The above is not a very reliable authority for any fact connected with Spiritualism, and therefore its statements must be taken with a grain of salt. Still, if the facts were as stated above, what would it prove? Simply, that the mind of the suicide was too weak to bear the influx of new ideas upon so momentous a subject, as thousands of minds before his have been on religious subjects, and gave way to the pressure upon it. There is more to be said upon this question of insanity and its causes than our opponents care to listen to; but we shall take occasion by-and-by to illustrate their onesidedness and hypocrisy in this matter in a way that will be convincing to every honest and fairminded man. Nothing was said by these self-constituted censors of Spiritualism about the "absurdexcitements, when the Rev. Mr. Jones of Santa | ment.—Dramatic Chronicle. raving maniac. O, no! it is only Spiritualism, first, last, and all the time, which makes lunatics! We shall see you again.

TRULY we are agreeably surprised at the many manifestations of sympathy we are receiving from day to day, in our new enterprise. Nor is it the form of words alone, but something more substantial. We hope it may continue until the BANNER of Progress shall be permanently established.

To the People.

Let every individual who receives a copy of this paper, and has not already subscribed, consider i an invitation to do so at once, and forward the money to our office. When we take into consideration the character of the reading matter, we think it the cheapest paper on the coast. If we receive sufficient encouragement, we shall double its size at the close of the year if not before. Now let every liberal-minded individual, who feels interested in the great work that lies before us, become an agent to obtain subscribers and forward the money. The money must in all cases accompany the names, or the paper will not be sent, except specimen numbers, and they will be sent on application, to all. It is our intention to make the BAN-NER OF PROGRESS what its name indicates; namely, a live, progressive paper. We intend. when we get fairly under way, to fill its columns almost entirely with original matter, which must necessarily add largely to its value. There is a peculiar satisfaction, when taking up a paper, to feel that you may get some new ideas, or at least find the old ones in a new dress; and not, as we ofttimes do, find half or two-thirds of the articles what we have read before.

HUMAN ILLS AND THEIR CURES.—Many are the ills to which flesh is heir, and many are the cures and nostrums that flock to their relief. Allopathy, Hydropathy, Electropathy, crowd around the sickbed with their pills and potions. Li-Po-Tai, with afflicted ones, spying out the weakness of their inner organizations, nosing out their ills, and from the "vasty deep" call up spirits who dictate transcendental prescriptions, warranted to kill or cure. After all these systems—either of which has probably effected cures in some cases—comes the laying on of hands system, or Bryantology, of which Dr. Bryant is the only representative in this part of the world. In this there is no spiritual foolery, pretending to see things unseen, nor is there a pretence to cure all ills to which mankind is heir. Hearing so much said in abuse of this "humbug," as some call it, and in its praise by others, we concluded to look on for ourselves. The cures-of which there have been several quite remarkable ones-are not the work of animal nagnetism, nor of drugs. They appear to be effected by manipulations which are made for the purpose of getting up healthy circulation, the practitioner acting on the theory that all chronic diseases are due to impeded circulation, and improper secretion of the

removed health must ensue. Acute cases are not treated, and it is very doubtful if the practice would work in syphilitic or cutaneous affections. It is, however, very efficacious in nervous affections, rheumatism, neuralgia, paralyzation, liver com-We have seen virtually the same system practiced with great success in many diseases, vears ago, among the denizens of the Pacific Islands. though not guided by the general intelligence and anatomical knowledge possessed by the present practitioner. There is no wonderful "hoodeonor pretension to supernatural powers, in this manipulating practice. It is simply a common It is with pleasure that we transfer the above

article from the Morning Call to our own columns, for two reasons. First, on account of the spirit of fairness with which the article is written. Second, because it gives us a good opportunity to explain Dr. Bryant's position with regard to the philosophy of healing by the "laying on of hands." Of late it has been frequently asserted in our hearing that the Doctor denied all spirit agency in the matter. But we happen to be better posted than those individuals, and know to the contrary. Instead of denying spirit agency, he claims himself to be only a medium in their hands. The cures being pering upon the subject of Spiritualism; hence we | formed, as they are, by mesmeric power, it is the peculiarity of his organization that enables the spirits to be so successful in relieving the many physical ills that human flesh is heir to. As a healer of this description Dr. Bryant stands at the head of the profession. There are many mediums in the Spiritualistic ranks that possess more or less of this healing power; but none that equal him on this coast or even in the Atlantic States.

> We are well aware that there are those who would rather die than be cured by a Spiritual medium. It is peculiarly fortunate for such individuals that this is a free country, and they can die if they wish to do so, and no one has the least objection. As for that portion of the public press + take delight in maligning and vilifying every manitarian from whom they cannot extort blackmail, they can just go and satiate their depraved appetites by making "hellish meals of good men's names." No true reformer will shrink from the path of duty for aught that they may say.

About Amusements.

It is an unfortunate thing for the Christian Church, that it has so many ignorant, bigoted, narrow-minded adherents. The Church is undoubtedly a power in the world, and a great power -but then it must keep abreast of the progress of the age, or lose a great share of its influence. The war against amusements that is carried on by narrow-minded and ignorant persons is a hopeless to discriminate between the uses and abuses of in the lawfulness and the benefit of recreation. recreation are allowable. The Church has for years waged war against the theater-and the Church has gained nothing in the fight. The Church has also undertaken to wield its influence against opera, and other perfectly innocent forms of amusements. Possibly, too, if the church was brought to book, and obliged to speak out frankly. it would have something to say against dancingin fact, we understand that there are certain eccleto dancing in toto. But after all, it is consolatory to find that the religious world is steadily becoming larger and wider in its judgments, and that many of the narrow notions of the past are losing their hold upon the minds of men. We are encouraged in our belief in progress. Humanity is marching on to a richer and vaster future, toward an age of "purer manners, wiser laws," when, though the individual may perish, the "race shall be more and more." When that happy era shall dawn, no one will be stupid enough to imagine

Clara was recently sent to the Lunatic Asylum, a WE determined, on starting this sheet, to take a course that should ultimately insure success. Hence, we resolved to go on the cas h principle—contracting no debts, and placing ourselves in the power of no one to break us down. In orrder to accomplish our desire, it is necessary that we's should have our pay in advance. We will wait a richsonable period for our distant subscribers to see an, danswer this notice, when, if the money is not for theoming, we shall. erase all who are delinquent from our subscriptionlist.

OUR BANNER.

Here, on this western shore, we dare To raise on high our standard fair; With "Progress" written on each fold, We wave it o'er the Land of Gold. And ask a true responsive part From town and hamlet, field and mart. The greatest good we here propose To do alike to friends and foes; Unmindful of the taunt or sneer, We trim our sails, and never veer. Our aim is high, our holy cause Sustained by Truth's eternal laws; And principles are here unfurled To benefit this brave new world.

O'or sullen waters, dark and drear, We know our little bark must steer; That Superstition, old and gray, Will oft confront our onward way; That Bigotry and pious Cant Will frown and flutter, foam and rant; That hypocrites, with smiling face, In guise of friends, will seek a place, Upheld by our protecting care, When skies are bright, and winds are fair; But still, with footsteps firm and true, We'll keep the "shining mark" in view.

The New Year comes, laden with joy To all who well their hours employ In labor for the human race, To elevate, and to erase The errors of the blinding past, Whose empire holds a field so vast That stoutest hearts almost despair To plant the germ of reason there. The highest light we here invoke That e'er a slumbering world awoke-Such light as o'er the ages gone Proclaimed a new Messiah born, Whose earnest voice and milder sway Would usher in a brighter day.

That day has come: its waking power Unfolds a high, a heavenly dower, And bids us hail, with joy sincere. Our kindred spirits hovering near To aid us in our-work sublime O'er all the ministries of time ! They waiting stand, with beaming eyes, Whose light reflects from purer skies, Where blending hues of radiantijov Have no dark tint of Earth's alloy. Inspired by these, O, who would fear The angry word or stinging sneer? Let us our brother's path pursue-

"Forgive, they know not what they do." A happy year to one and all Whose eye on this fair page may fall ! And when the Year, now blithe and young, At last has "round the circle swung." We hope to greet you, and to find A ready hand and willing mind To help the car of Progress on, Until the higher goal is won. Then, with firm faith, we'll take our stand, And wave our BANNER o'er the land-From lake and sea to farther shore, " Excelsior" forevermore.

Where shall the Beautiful rest?

In some lone and pleasant valley, Free from care, and free from sorrow Doth the beautiful find rest? Not there!

On some lone and distant island. Clasped in Ocean's fond embrace. May the beautiful and the lovely Find a sacred dwelling-place? Not there !

In you lone and silent church-yard In the dark and narrow grave, Where sweet flowers adorn the greensward, And the weeping willows wave?

Where, then, where, immortal spirit, Shall the beautiful repose? Where find rest divine, eternal, Rest secure from earthly woes? O, where?

O, there is a " sweet Summer land ? Where the good and lovely dwell: Where death enters not, and loved ones Never breathe the sad "Farewell!" 'Tis there I

In that beauteous home with angels, With earth's kindred and their God, May the good of earth find ever Joyous rest in that abode?

My Spirit Guardian

BY BENJAMIN TODD There is a land I know full well, Where sorrows never come. The land where our loved ones dwell:

A pure, bright spirit home.

The lovely flowers that blossom there, Shall never know decay ; Their fragrance fills the balmy air, While zephyrs round them play.

And there is one sweet angel face My heart will ne'er forget; Her form was clothed with sweetest grace

That e'er my soul had met. Robed in the light of radiant day I've seen her spirit stand,

And on my toil-worn brow she lay Her gentle, loving hand. Those heavy braids of dark-brown hair

That twined her earthly brow. Cluster in wavy ringlets fair, And grace her forehead now.

Those loving eyes of saintly blue, That gazed into my own. Still shine on me with love as true As when on earth they shone.

From those bright realms above she comes To act an angel's part, To still the throbbings of my brow, And soothe my aching heart.

No more I'll weep o'er life's sad ills, Nor shrink from touch of pain, I've drank from the immortal rills, And ne'er shall thirst again.

THE sixth of the Monthly Festivals, given by the Ladies of the Society of Friends of Progress, will be held in Congress Hall, on Thursday, the 17th inst. A general good time is expected. Mr. Cogill always has the Hall in excellent order, the floor nicely waxed, and those who have the parties in charge are careful to see that good music is

In making up our list of speakers on this coast, we have taken no liberties with their names or appointments; but have inserted only the names of those who requested us to do so. And we would say further, that the list is open to any and address.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

ARE CAUSE AND EFFECT EQUAL?

(COMMUNICATED.)

The question has been mooted hereabouts whether the physical universe, and also the human spirit, are effects or causes; some maintaining the affirmative, others, the negative. The agitation of this thought has led me to the following impressions: That matter, force, and motion constitute the totality of universal existence: that motion is a change of the relative position of different particles of matter; that the amount of matter and force in the universe? are fixed quantities-always have been, and must always continue to be; and that it is inconceivable that they should be increased or diminished. But as the relative position of particles is constantly changing, so force is passing from one particle, or aggregate of particles, to others; that each particle of matter, or aggregate of particles, acting in more or less complete unison, acts precisely as it is acted upon in accordance with fixed laws, or uniform modes of action; that each particle of matter, or aggregate of particles, acting together, sustains the relation of effect to that which has preceded it, and of cause to that which succeeds it, and on which it the power received by the causative force which acted upon it. As matter includes all the substance in the universe, it is impossible to conceive from what source anything could be added or taken from this totality at any conceivable point of duration.

I believe that it is generally admitted by thinkers that unorganized matter is governed by fixed laws, and acts, or is moved, as it is acted upon. It is also admitted that vegetable life is of the same character, only that the life-force is evolved to an active condition, which was latent in unorganized matter. Animal life is one step higher, but most are prepared to concede that it is also a thing of law without exceptions. But when we go one step higher to the human spirit, or mind, with a conscious personality, we find that there is, and has been, a great diversity of conclusions among thinkers. Some maintain that mind, being a refined form of matter in its manifestations of affliction, passion, thought, emotion, or volition, is, equally with the grosser forms of matter, amenable to the causative law; that is, with a given antecedent, including the mental constitution and state, and all its surroundings in any way affecting it, the mental acts or state must be uniform. Others take the ground that man, being a conscious individuality, has power to overrule these causative forces, and act in any conceivable manner.

Dr. Johnson says: "We know we are free and that is an end on't,"-a cavalier method of disposing of one of the higher problems of philosophy; that there is nothing in the causative laws that brings to our consciousness the idea of constraint, goes but a little way in determining the question at issue. More modern intellectual philosophers say we are conscious of power to act in any one of several directions. As consciousness is that power, or act of the mind by which it has cognizance of its own mental states, and as the antecedent of each mental act is made up of the mind itself, and all outside of it in any way influencing its act, it is apparent that consciousness is inadequate to determine whether the law of causation obtains in mental action as well as in the grosser forms of matter. If two persons of precisely the same mental constitution and condition, and the same surroundings could act differently, it would prove that mental acts were uncaused. But no two minds are exactly alike; neither are surroundings of any two alike. But statistics which show the acts of masses of men, where the idiosyncrasies and peculiarities of a part are balanced by those of others, may throw some light on this subject. Quetetet, the Belgian statistician, ascertained many years ago, that in a given population there was an exact uniformity in the number of crimes committed, and, in a large number of people, even the crime of murder; and the instrument used therein was in almost exact uniformity from year to year. In London the number of suicides in a number of years only varied from 266 to 213; and the cause of the highest number was clearly attributable to the excitement of the railway panic of 1846. Statistics in England have proved that the number of marriages are governed by the price of food and the average earnings of the great mass of the people. Even forgetfulness is governed by law. The returns of the post-offices of London and Paris show that there is a uniformity from year to year in the number of letters placed in the office without a direction. These and kindred facts indicate, if they do not demonstrate, that mind is as much governed by the law of uniformity of antecedent and consequent as any department of the universe. Are we not warranted in the conclusion that the present condition of mind and matter is made up of links in an endless and breadthless chain of causation?

IN WHAT CONSISTS THE DIFFERENCE?

"Strange such a difference there should be, 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee." Broad, deep, and turbid as may seem the gulf that lies between the old theological teachings, ceremonials, and ritualism, and wide apart as they are supposed to be by the superficial observer from the ideas and doctrine of the Spiritualists, yet there is really but the slightest possible difference imaginable, when viewed, as they should be, from a rational standpoint, with calm deliberation, in the light of human reason; as men are wont to do in any legitimate business transaction, where property changes hands under legalized forms. Is there any more valid reason why we should take our religion and its consequences upon trust, or the say-so of somebody we never heard of, than there is for accepting the word of an individual in financial matters of any and every character, large or small, whether on goods of any sort, or real estate? How long, think you, would the wealthiest man among us be the possessor of anything fast or movable, should he conduct his business as loosely and thoughtlessly as he receives and practices what he is told to be the fundamental principles of evangelical religion? Would not the cry of incapacity, or insanity, go out against such a one, as wholly incompetent, and he become speedily stripped of the power to manage even his own affairs? Most assuredly, and with propriety, too. Is that, which to the being here, and the continued life hereafter, is of paramount importance to all other considerations of which the mind of man can take cognizance, to be treated thus lightly? This seems to be the rule everywhere, and by all classes, consists the great and insurmountable difference between the theologian or Christian believer, and the out-and-out Spiritualist. It might excite the risibles on the face of sanctimonious piety, if one should say that a word composed of five letters makes about all the difference that substantially exists between

a world-wide movement in the direction of rationalism. And what is rationalism? ask the devotees of all the old and effete forms of pagan worship. The true answer is, naturalism; if that can be under_ stood in all its force and meaning. Now what does the dogmatical creed-believer add to this term? Why, super: and that makes him a believer in supernaturalism, while the Spiritualist contents himself with believing in the natural; and says that he cannot get outside of Nature, do what he will, or go where he may, in body or spirit. The assumption, that because there are matters around us which we do not understand as yet, therefore they are above or beyond the limits or bounds of nature, might have answered the purposes of the people of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries very well, for that was as far up in the rising scale of progress as they had reached. I am not speaking of illuminated individuals, but of the masses as they then existed, compared to those of our own day and generation. The mighty discoveries that have been made within the last few years in science and art, prophecy an unveiling and revealing of the hidden things so mysterious to man in former ages, and will present to him, at no distant acts: that the causative force is precisely equal to | future, an extended view of the beauties of nature, so clear and evident, that he will look upon all superstition and dogmatic teaching as a monstrosity, to be got out of the way in the shortest possible time. Could full and complete data of the origin of the various systems of old Theology be furnished to the communicants of the so-called Christian church, and read carefully, with the assurance that positive evidence of their truthfulness is now within reach, common honesty would compel the hasty withdrawal of a very large percentage of such membership. There is, to-day, but one class of religionists on the face of the broad earth that has not had its origin in the ancient forms of astronomy and astrology; and each and all of these modes of worship embrace a greater or lesser share of the peculiar teachings and observances of the original forms and ceremonies from which they come. If Spiritualists, and the more liberal-minded men and women everywhere, will but prove true and earnest to the cause of human advancement, mysticism and supernaturalism, superstition and bigotry, religious intolerance and priestcraft, must surely vanish from amongst us, ere many years come and go in the round of circling time. Up, brothers and sisters, to the glorious work of human redemption from the thraldom of ignorance!—seeing there is not, on this side of the grave, a calling so grand and noble as our fellow-beings, in any direction within our means or power to command. J. D. PIERSON.

RELIGIOUS.

(COMMUNICATED.)

A PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW OF THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND.

NUMBER ONE.

When we enter life, we are all equally ignorant it is only as we advance in life that we differ. Surrounded by different circumstances, we have different experiences, modified by our varied temperaments and education. Obliged in our childhood to depend entirely on our teachers for information on all things beyond our limited comprehension and observation, it is natural that we should be of the same religion as our parents or guardians were. With a majority of us, it has been instilled into our minds from infancy "that the Bible was the best book in the world, because God was the author of it, and its words were indited by him," and that eternal damnation would be the doom of all who did not believe in it, and follow its instructions. Doubt being followed by such dire consequences, the book was surrounded with a peculiar halo of awe: it became a something too sacred to be interpreted by common rules. That which was applicable in criticizing any other book failed to be of effect when brought to bear upon the Rible; that which is considered a contradiction in any other book, when found in the "word of God," is qualified by the word apparent; and false proph-

ecies become "unfulfilled prophecies." We can afford to laugh to scorn, the journey of Mahommed to the seven heavens, the trip of Zoroaster to the sun, and all the wonderful fancies related of heathen gods and heathen men; but a journey to the third heaven by Paul, a vision of the same by John, the Devil's adventure with Jesus, &c., must be received with all reverence. Absurdities, impossibilities, and strange doctrines, when found in the Koran, are read as things to be laughed at, or to excite our pity for those born to believe in them; but greater absurdities, more monstrous impossibilities, and stranger doctrines, when found in the Bible, must be received with reverential awe and faith, for "he that doubteth is damned." And who would risk "infidelity," with hell yawning for the unbelieving? It is only on this principle of fear and damnation, that belief in Jonah's adventure in the whale's belly; Moses' feats of magic in Egypt; and all the wonderful doings of Samson, Elijah, Elisha, and the other heroes of the Bible, can be rationally accounted for. But the Mahommedan treats the Christian just as the Mahommedan is treated by the Christian. To him the Christian is an infidel, worthy of his ineffable scorn; believing too, that he that doubteth the Koran is damned.

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip

To haud the wretch ia order." Where is the charity of Christianity when the unfortunate infidel is at their mercy? It-burned a Servetus; prosecuted and imprisoned Robert Tayor and G. J. Holyoake, in England, and Abner Kneeland, in America, for blasphemy; forgetting that when Christianity was in its infancy, Christians were treated in the same manner for the same thing. The consideration of these things shows me that however much I may be indebted to those except those stigmatized as infidels or Spiritualists; who were my early instructors for the knowledge these, being beyond the pale of salvation, must perish | they imparted to me, I must, in justice to myself, miserably if orthodoxy is true. Let us see in what | now that I no longer need their leading-strings, exercise my own judgment, and inquire whether these things be so.

The great reverence paid to the ancient writings of the Jews and other nations may be accounted for when we take into consideration that it was the speakers who will notify us of their appointments them; yet such is the fact, nevertheless. Now if custom then, as it is now, in all well regulated sothere is one thing more truly apparent than another | cieties, to preserve sacredly the records of the more | 1 to 4 P. M.

on the face of the world of mentality, that thing is | important transactions of the nation. Usually, to the priest was consigned the sacred task-he, frequently, being the only one capable.

> The ancient Egyptians traced theirs on the rock where they stand to this day, the only original records of ancient times preserved to us. The laws of the nation, its history and literature, were by this means preserved, and frequently deposited for safe keeping in the archives of their temples and holy places. This would, naturally, give a peculiar sacredness to the writings thus preserved the more so, if they contained the rites of their religion, and the rules by which their conduct was regulated. That, in the early history of mankind, it should have been believed that "all scripture is given by inspiration of God," is not to be wondered at, when we take into consideration the gulf that existed between the ignorance of the masses and the knowledge of the scribe; that language could be conveyed to inanimate skins, the bark of trees and stone, could scarcely seem less than miraculous -a gift bestowed supernaturally by God.

> Williams, the martyr of Rarotongo, in his narrative of missionary enterprise in the South Sea Islands, relates the following:

"In the erection of this chapel a circumstance occurred which will give a striking idea of the feelings of an untaught people, when observing for the first time the effects of written communications. As I had come to the work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and, with a piece of charcoal, wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief, who was superintending his portion of the work; and said to him: 'Friend, take'this; go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams.' He was a singular-looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but, in one of the numerous battles, had lost an eye. Givsaid: 'Take that !-- she will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her.' No,' I replied, 'she will not; take it, and go immediately; I am in haste.' Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it, and asked: 'What must I say?' Ireplied, 'You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish.' With a look of astonishment and contempt, he held up the piece of wood, and said: 'How can this speak? has this a mouth? I desired him to take it immediately, and not spend so much time in talking about it. On arriving at the house, he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest; whither the chief, resolving to see the result of this mysterious that of benefiting and elevating the condition of proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said, 'Stay daughter! how do you know that this is what My Williams wants? 'Why,' she replied, 'did you not bring me a chip just now?' "Yes,' said the astonisted warrior, 'but I did not hear it say anything.' It you did not, I did,' was the reply, 'for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have got to do, is to return with it as quickly as possible. With this, the chief leaped out of the house, and, exining up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement, with the chip in one hand, and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went. See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk! they can make chips talk! On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the explanation in my power; but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery, that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time. During several following days, we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest, while he narrated the wonders which this chip had performed."

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

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The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1867.

AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

Peter McGuire; or, Nature and Grace. It has always been thought a most critical case, When a man was possessed of more Nature than Grace For Theology teaches that man from the first Was a sinner by Nature, and justly accurst; And "Salvation by Grace" was the wonderful plan Which God had invented to save erring man. "I was the only atonement he know how to make, To annul the effects of his own sad mistake.

Now this was the doctrine of good Parson Brown, Who preached, not long since, in a small country town. He was zealous, and earnest, and could so excel In describing the tortures of sinners in Hell, That a famous revival commenced in that place, And hundreds of souls found "Salvation by Grace." But he felt that he had not attained his desire,

This man was a blacksmith, frank, fearless and bold, With great brawny sinews like Vulcan of old; He had little respect for what ministers preach, And sometimes was very profane in his speech. His opinions were founded in clear common sense. And he spoke as he thought, though he oft gave offence; But however wanting, in whole or in part, He was sound, and all right, when you came to his heart.

One day the good parson, with plous intent, To the smithy of Peter most hopefully went; And there, while the hammer industriously swung, He preached, and he prayed, and exhorted, and sung, And warned, and enteated poor Peter to fly
From the pit of destruction before he should die: And to wash himself clean from the world's sinful strife, In the Blood of the Lamb and the River of Life.

Well-and what would you now be inclined to expect Was the probable issue and likely effect?
Why! he swore 'like a Pirate,' and what do you think?
From a little black bottle took something to drink! And he said-"I'll not mention the Blood of the Lamb, But as for that River, it aren't worth a _____' Then pausing—as if to restrain his rude force— He quietly added-" a mill-dam of course."

Quick out of the smithy the minister fled, As if a big bomb-shell had burst near his head; And as he continued to haste on his way, was too much excited to sing or to pary But he thought how that some were elected by Grace. As heirs of the kingdom-made sure of their place-While others were doomed to the pains of Eell-fire. And if e'er there was one such, 'twas Peter McGuire

That night, when the Storm King riding was on high, And the rod shafts of lightning gleamed bright through the sky,
The church of the village—"the Temple of God,' Was struck, for the want of a good lightning rod, And swiftly descending, the element dire Set the minister's house, close beside it, on fire,

While he reacefully slumbered, and had not a fear

Of the terrible work of destruction so near.

There were Mary, and Hannah, and Tommy, and Joe, All sweetly asleep in the bedroom below, While their father was near, with their mother at rest, (Like the wife of John Rogers, "with one at the breast.") but Alice, the eldest, a gentle young dove, Was asleep all alone, in the room just above, And when the wild cry of the rescuer came, She only, was left to the pitiless flame.

The fond mother counted her treasures of love. When lo! one was missing—"O, Father above!" How madly she shricked in her agony wild-'My Alice! My Alice! O, save my dear child!" Then down on his knees fell the Parson, and prayed That the terrible wrath of the Lord might be stayed. But then it don't suit this particular case."

He turned down the sleeves of his red flannel shirt, Then into the pillars of smoke and of fire. Not pausing an instant, dashed Peter McGuire. O, that terrible moment of anxious suspense How breathless their watching ! their fear how intense ! And then their great joy, which could not be expressed. When Peter appeared with the child on his breast!

shout rent the air when the darling he laid In the arms of her mother, so pale and dismayed And as Alice looked up and most gratefully smiled. bowed down his head and he wept like a child. O, those tears of brave manhood that rained o'er his face, Showed the true Grace of Nature, and the Nature of Grace; Of the indwelling life of the Spirit Divine.

A CHILD'S DEATH-BED .- A little child, aged eight years, died in this city on Tuesday evening last under circumstances which make the sad affair inter-When only four years old her mother died, and she fell into the hands of strangers, who did not treat her in the most kindly manner; yet the little one was meek and lowly, and never uttered a complaint; but after a time the father discovered the true state of affairs, and transferred her to another home, where she remained for a year; at the end of which time she was again removed to another family, on account of the lady, with whom she had found home, going to the States. Another year passed, and the lady, returning to San Francisco, sought out the little one and adopted her. She was then placed in the Powell Street School, where she gave promise of being a smart scholar. A week ago she caught cold, in going to school, and was taken down sick. A physician was summoned, and the little child pro-nounced dangerously ill. Although she suffered take the most nauseating doses. On Tuesday she awoke from a disturbed slumber, and, speaking to her adopted mother, said: "Mamma, I am going to die, and I want you to send for my father and broththe child to be in danger, she complied with her request, and, on their coming into the sick-room, the little invalid said: "I have seen my mother, and she told me that I would be with her to-night, and wanted me to kiss you all for her. Now kiss me, for I feel that I am dying, and will soon go away She then bestowed some words of kindness upon her father and eldest brother, and taking the hand of her youngest brother, continued: "I want you to be a good boy; obey your father, go to school, and on Sundays visit my grave and plant roses upon it." After saying this, she closed her again, said in a weak voice, "I am dying now," calmly dropped into the slumber of death. This is substantiated by many witnesses. The marvel is, that a child whose life had been deprived of the prepared to meet death, and that, too, in a manner as calm and quiet as a patriarch whose life had been spent in deeds of goodness and offerings to God .-

The above is only one of the many instances that are constantly occurring among Spiritualists. But why was it a marvel that the child should so quietly and calmly meet what the world calls death? To those who understand the philosophy. of spirit-life, it can cause no wonder or astonishment. The smiling face and outstretched arms of the long-lost mother—who had returned to bear her tenderly beloved child to her own home of love and immortal life-robbed the shadowy valley of Jose Mercury. We would recommend all travelall its terrors. But let me ask the opposer of ers, when at San Jose, to ride in Millard's hacks Spiritualism if this was deception and fraud. Did or omnibuses, for they can depend upon punctuality that mother indeed come and communicate with and gentlemanly treatment: her child? if so, then it was a spiritual manifestation, and hence Spiritualism is true. But if the mother did not come and communicate with her and backs may be seen cleaving the mist and wind in all directions. At all hours of the day and night, and in any part daughter, whence did the child obtain those pro- of the city, whenever and wherever looms up the bright disk phetic words-"I shall be with her to-night"? of a quarter, there Millard may be found. On Saturday he Probably it would be a subject of wonder to our driving through mud and water that would have appalled Christian friends, that she did not instruct her most men. Hurrah for Millard!" little brother to go to some orthodox Sunday school, instead of breaking the holy Sabbath (?) by IT is with great pleasure that we learn that visiting her grave and planting roses there. Very Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon intends visiting San of the depraved tendencies of Spiritualism. T.

Spiritual phenomena, to forward an account of the our way of thinking, slie is equaled by very few,

Spiritualism better than Theology for Mankind.

Almost the first question that is propounded to as, when entering into conversation with an individual that is unacquainted with, and opposed to Spiritualism, is: "What good has Spiritualism done?" We do not intend to enlarge upon this subject to any great extent at the present time, but merely to name two or three good things that Spiritualism has done for mankind. In the first place, it has given to the world a more correct idea of God than it had entertained before; and also of the relation that we sustain to Him as the Father of the Universe, as his children. Take the theological idea of God, and it is horrible in the extreme. It represents Him as a fiery, revengeful being; full of malevolence, spite, and fury, creating millions on millions of immortal beings, and then damning them to all eternity. And still more, it represents Him as sitting upon His emerald throne and watching with all the sang froid imaginable, as He gazes upon their excruciating sufferings, forever and forever; never letting fall so much as one tear of pity over their woes, or making a single effort for their deliverance. It represents Him as even getting jealous of the love mothers bear their offspring, and in a fit of rage thereat. He murders the innocent cause thereof. What a hideous monster such a being must be! Who wonders that the heart of humanity recoils with utter horror from such an incarnate fiend as this, and, gladly turning from the disgusting sight, with delight and rapturous joy contemplates the Divine Father as portrayed by Spiritualists? Instead of becoming the exploiter of the human race, He is their Heavenly Father, and loves all of His children just alike; knowing no partiality whatever between them; loving alike the priest in the pulpit and the drunkard in the gutter; blaming the priest that stands in his pulpit praying to an idol no more than He does the drunkard for lying in the gutter; and, on the other hand, blaming the drunkard no more for the filthy position he occupies than He does the priest for standing in his sacerdotal robes and praying to an idol. He sees and knows the causes that produced the different conditions that the human family occupy; and is working with His divine, energizing influences, in and through the souls of all men, molding and fashioning them in beauty and glory; preparing them to enjoy a state of endless progression and increasing happiness in the great cardiac kingdom of his own heart. We have learned, as Spiritualists, that it is not on Mount Sinai, or in the city of Jerusalem, or even on Mount Moriah, alone, that God is found. We see Him everywhere and in every thing. In the night we behold him in the starry realms of cerulean blue that o'erarch this beautiful world of ours. We see Him in the moon's pale light, as she trails her silvery robe on the mountain side, folds it away so neatly down the valley, and spreads it all o'er the plain. We see Him when the morning sunlight covers the distant hilltops with a crown of glory—shines on the palace dome, and on the lowliest cot in all the land alike—shines on the den where the young foxes play-on all the homes where bird and beast rear their young; roams over the prairies and down the glens; kisses the dewdrops from the opening lips of the beautiful flowers, whose fragrant breath fills the air with delicious perfume. We see him in the smallest spear of grass and in the towering tree; and even the tiniest flowers that look up from earth's green sod, reflect his smile. We hear His voice in the deeptoned-thunders that roll through the vaulted sky, and reverberate through the rocky glens of earth. We hear Him in the swiftly rushing tornado that carries devastation in its train, and in the mighty cataract that comes tumbling down the mountain side; and rolls in majesty away toward the ocean. We hear Him in the songs of the beautiful birds that trill their sweet lays, and tell their tales of love to each other, while they skip from bough to greatly, she never utter a complaint nor hesitated to bough, choose their mates and build their nestling

homes wherein to rear their offspring. Another thing that Spiritualism has done for ers; send for them immediately, for I cannot last but humanity, is that of destroying the lear of death, a little while." Although the lady did not believe that has so long held human beings in bondage. humanity, is that of destroying the fear of death, Just take the theological idea of death for a moment, and see how dark and forbidding it is; represented by skulls and cross-bones, or as some terrible monster riding on a pale horse, whose very name fills the timorous soul with quaking and dread, as though they would frighten mankind away from the gates of immortality, through which we must all pass. And when they talk of eyes and moved her lips, as if muttering a silent death, it is with whispered words of dread, and prayer, and then asking those around her to kiss her hearts all filled with fear, as the shroud, the coffin, and all the habiliments of the grave are menno fancy sketch, but a reality, and one that can be tioned. Yet Death is the greatest friend the human race ever had; for when we become toil-worn solicitous care of a mother, should have been so and weary with the dusty journey of life, he, with a kind and tender hand, gently removes the outer covering, and in exchange therefor, bestows upon us immortality. He kindly draws aside the veil that hides the gone-before from our view, and introduces us to our loved ones again, whose outstretched and waiting arms enfold us, in a long, loving embrace, and press upon our flower-crowned brows their first fond kiss of immortality. T.

> WE clip the following, as we think, just and merited compliment to Mr. Millard, from the San

> "Millard is never more at home than when he has a good fat festival and a lively rain-storm on hand. It is then that he rises to the dignity of a full-fledged Jehu. His omnibuses made the connection with the Oakland railroad at Haywards.

likely they would pronounce it another evidence Francisco in the Spring. We hope that it will be at as early a date as possible. She can rest assured that warm-hearted friends await her coming. The WE would thank our Spiritualist friends, as Spiritualists on this coast can promise themselves any one, who may witness any extraordinary a rich intellectual treat when she arrives; for to same to this office. In so doing they will confer and excelled by none, as a remarkably interesting, sound, and logical speaker.

Mouths to Feed.

In field and workshop sounds the song From labor's brave and minly throng; mountain-echoed far and near, Tis joy to every honest ear. Each anvil stroke, if we but heed, Chimes with the burden:

A cry that nerves the weary hand A mighty rhythm proud and grand; A song that wakes the sleeping brain; A warning note in joy and pain. Though heart may faint and feet may bleed, No spur like this one: " Mouths to feed."

song for you, a song for me, Of low and pleading molody.
Then up! and toil with smiling face; To fail or falter is disgrace,
The kindly word, the noble deed,
Make sweet the burden: "Mouths to feed."

A Word of Defense for Spiritualism. EDITOR NEWS:—My attention having been called to an "item" in the News, of the 10th inst., copied by the San Francisco papers, concerning Mrs. Beman, the clairvoyant physician, I request a place in your columns for a few remarks. Nearly every assertion of the article is either a misrepresentation of fact, or a pure fiction. But my object is neither to correct the misstatements nor to deny the falsehoods. It is of no considerable consequence whether the particular person referred to wears a peculiar style of dress; whether the rooms in her house are Mrs. E. A. Bliss, 250 North Second street, Troy, N. Y. square or round; or whether the window in the roof is a skylight, or an opening for the admission of spirits; who planned the house; who endorses the notes, so long as the workmen are satisfied; nor whether the drumming may properly be called music. The fanatical vagaries, or even impositions of individuals, cannot change a principle nor destroy a truth. But that the article was not intended as a mere personality, is shown by the manifest ignorance of facts. That it was meant as a throw at Spiritualism, and a slur upon Spiritualists, is evident from the ridicule and presumption which pervades it. It is easy, from assumed premises, to demonstrate Spiritual manifestations to be mere impositions, and easy to call those "fools" who believe them to be facts. Men of the highest standing in the scientific world-trained investigators-have made impartial and thorough investigations. In however many various ways they may have endeavored to explain the phenomena, they have, in every instance, been obliged to acknowledge that those pretending to be spiritual mediums were not all impostors. Certainly those who know nothing of Spiritualism should hesitate to apply the terms "fools" and "parties to such impositions" to those who, like Professor Hare, Judge Edmonds, John Pierpont, and Henry Ward Beecher, have studied its facts and taught its philosophy. We do not wish any to be Spiritualists without a reason for so being. We do ask, however, that newspapers shall treat us with the same respect that they do those who have a different and popular religious faith. We also ask that when they publish what profess to be items of news concerning Spiritualists, they shall adhere to facts with fairness, and not lend their influence to spread absurd and Yours with respect, SPIRITUALIST. -Oakland News, December 1st.

WE would recommend to the Spiritualists in every city, town, and hamlet on this coast, if not more than half a dozen names can be obtained, to enter into some simple financial organization, and take measures to raise funds for the purpose of obtaining speakers and spiritual publications, in order to spread our heaven-born gospel throughout the land; which work cannot be performed without earnest, preconcerted effort

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MOTICE.

DR. H. A. BENTON HAS REMOVED FROM 109 MONTGOMery street to the

Congress Hall Building, Bush Street, adjoining the Russ House. Having had good success in cures and a fair business for the times, but the past six or eight months there has been some surrounding objections to contend with, (particularly in the location) he resolved to remove and to practice his own system, without medicines, (except Homeopathic, if needed)—believing, after twenty years' experience constantly and successfully, that ALL CURABLE cases can be cured by the great EQUALIZER, ELECTRO-MAGNETISM, in some of its forms, if properly applied.
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Benjamin Todd will preach for the Friends of Progress every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Bush street, until further notice Hours of service, 11 o'clock A. M. and 7½ P. M. John Allyn will answer calls to lecture on the Science and Philosophy of Spiritualism. Address, San Francisco. Mrs C. M. Stowe, trance speaker, and clairvoyant physician Address San Jose Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye lectures every Thursday evening at Fraternity Hall, Market street, on the Phenomena of Spir-

IN THE ATLANTIC STATES.

itualism; and gives practical demonstrations of the same.

J. Mad son Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker.
C. Fannie Allyn, Middleboro', Mass.
Mrs. N. K. Andross, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.
Geo. W. Atwood, trance speaker, Weymouth Landing, Mass.
Dr. J. T. Amos, lecturer upon Physiology and Spiritualism,
Box 2001, Rochester, N. Y. Charles A. Andrus, Flushing, Mich., attends funerals, and lectures upon reforms.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Salem, Mass., during January; Willimontic, Conn, during February; in Somors, Conn., during April. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, in North Dana, Mass., every other Sunday, until further notice. Address, Ware, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.
Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, P. O. Drawer 5815, Chicago, Ill.
J. H. Bickford, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass. M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker, Berlin, Wis., care J. Web ster. Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, 151 West 12th street, New York

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.

A. P. Bowman, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa. Dr. J. K. Bailey, Quincy, Ill. Addie L Ballou, inspirational speaker, Mankato, Minn. Warren Chase, Rock Island, Ill.

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, Brandon, Vt. Dr. L. K. Coonley, Newburyport, Mass., until March. Mrs. Marietta F. Cross, trance speaker, Hampstead, N. H. care N. P. Cross.
P. Clark, M. D., 15 Marshall street, Boston.
Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, 11 South street, Boston. Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, Box 815, Lowell, Mass. Albert E. Carpenter, Springfield, Mass Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, trance speaker, Moumouth, Ill.

Mrs. Jennett J. Clark, trance speaker, attends funerals, and lectures on Sundays in any of the towns of Connecticut. Address, Fair Haven, Conn. Mrs. D. Chadwick, trance speaker, lectures, holds seances, gives tests, and prescribes for the sick. Address, Box 272, Vineland, N. J.
Miss Lizzie Carley, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Judge A. G. W. Carter, Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, Ohio. Mrs. Eiiza C. Clark, inspirational speaker, Eagle Harbor, Or-

leans Co., N. Y. Thomas Cook, lecturer on organization, Huntsville, Ind. Charles P. Crocker, inspirational speaker, Fredonia, N. Y. Ira H. Curtis, lecturer on government, Hartford, Co. Miss Lizzie Poten, New York, during January and February, Address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston. Andrew Jackson Davis, Orange, N. J. Mrs. A. P. M. Davis, Box 1155, Bloomington, Ill. Mrs. E. DeLamar, trance speaker, Quincy. Mass.

Dr. E. C. Dunn, lecturer and healer, Rockford Ill. J. T. Dow, lecturer, Cooksville, Rock Co., Wis. Dr. H. E. Emery, lecturer, South Coventry, Conn A. T. Foss, Portland, Me., during January; in Plymouth,
Mass., during February. Address, Manchester, N. H.
Miss Eliza Howe Fuller, Stockton, Me.
M. s. Mary I., Erench, inspirational and trance medium, Ellery street, Washington Village, South Boston.
J. G. Fish, "East Jersey Normal Institute," Red Bank, N. J.
Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, South Malden, Mass.

S. J. Finney, Ann Arbor, Mich. Rev. J. Francis, Nevada, Iowa, till further notice.
Dr. Wm. Fitzgibbon lectures on the science of Human Electricity, as connected with the Physical Manifestations of the Spiritual Philosophy. Address, Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. Clara A. Field, Newport, Me. C. Augusta Fitch, trance speaker, Box 1835, Chicago, Ill. Isaac P. Greenleaf, Kenduskeag, Me. Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon lectures in Colorado Territory

until spring, when she designs visiting California. Address, Denver City, Col. Ter.
N. S. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Dr. D. A. Gallion lectures, under spirit control, upon diseases and their causes. Address Dr. J. Gailion, Healing

Institute, Keokuk, Iowa. Dr. L P. Griggs, Evansville, Wis. Mrs. Emma Hardinge lectures in New York (Dodworth's Hall) during January and February; in St. Louis during March and April; in Cincinnati during May; in Chicago during June, July and August. Address, 8, 4th avenue, New York.

New York.
Dr. M. Henry Houghton, Milford, N. H.
Mrs Susie A. Hutchinson, Oswego, N. Y.
Rev. S. C. Hayford, inspirational speaker, Girard Avenue,
R. Depot, Philadelphia, Pa., care of C. Mallory.
Miss Nellie Hayden, No. 20 Walnut street, Worcester, Mass.
Charles A. Hayden, 82 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. S. A. Horton, Brandon, Vt. Miss Julia J. Hubbard, Box 2, Greenwood, Mass. W. A. D. Hume, West Side P. O., Cleveland, O.

Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y. J. D. Hascall, M. D., Waterloo, Wis. D. H. Hamilton lectures on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonton, N. J. Mrs. Anna E. Hill, inspirational medium and psychometrical reader, Whitesboro', Oneila Co., N. Y. Jos. J. Hatlinger, M. D., inspirational speaker, 25 Court street New Haven, Conn.

New Haven, Conn.
Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md.
Dr. E. B. Holden, North Clarendon, Vt.
B. S. Hobbs, Oswego, N. Y.
Mrs. Lovina Heath, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y. Dr. P. T. Johnson, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich. Miss Susie M. Johnson, Milford, Mass. W. F. Jamison, inspirational speaker, care of the R. P. Jour nal, P. O. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

Wm H. Johnson, Corry, Pa.
O. P. Kellogg, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashtabula Co., O.
Mrs. Anna Kimball, trance speaker, 826 Broadway, corner George E. Kittridge, Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. E. K. Ladd, trance lecturer, 179 Court street, Bost on.

B. M. Lawrence, M D., 54 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. Miss Mary M. Lyons, trance speaker, Detroit, Mich. Mr. H. T. Leonard, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H. Mrs. F. A. Logan, Salina, Onondaga Co., N. Y. Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn., Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews. Address, East Westmoreland, Miss Sarah A. Nutt, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

A. L. F. Nash, lecturer, Rochester, N. Y. J. Wm. Van Namee, Monroe, Mich. George A. Peirce, Auburn, Me. L. Judd Pardee, Boston, Mass. A. A. Pond, inspirational speaker, North West, Ohio. Mrs. J. Puffer, trance speaker, Hanson, Mass J. L. Potter, trance speaker, Cedar Falls, Iowa, Box 170. Mrs. Nettie M. Pease, trance speaker and test medium, De-

troit, Mich.
Dr. D A. Pease, Jr., Detroit, Mich.
Miss B. C. Pelton, Woolstock, Vt.
Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer, Adrian, Mich.
Lydia Ann Pearsall, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich. Dr W. K. Ripley, Box 95, Foxboro', Mass. Dr. P. B. Randolph, lecturer, Bennington, Vt. J. H. Randall, inspirational speaker, Upper Lisle, N. Y. G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, Broadhead, Wis. A. C. Robinson, 15 Hawthorne street, Salem, Mass. Mrs. Frank Reid, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich. Mrs. H. T. stearns, Detroit, Mich., care of H. N. F. Lewis.

Selah Van Sickle, Lansing, Mich. Miss Martha S. Sturtevant, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass. Mrs. Mary Louisa Smith, trance speaker, Toledo, O.

Abram Smith, Esq., inspirational speaker and musical med um, Sturgis, Mich. Mrs. Nellie Smith, impressional speaker, Sturgis, Mich. Austen E Simmons, Woodstock, Vt.
Mrs. Susan E Slight, trance speaker, Yarmouth, Me., till W. Seaver, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y.

E Sprague, M. D., inspirational speaker, Schenectady, N. Y. Dr. Wm. H. Salisbury, Box 1313, Portsmouth, N. H. H. B. Storer, inspirational lecturer, 75 Fulton street, New Prof. S. M. Strick, Peoria, Ill. Mrs. M. F. B. Sawyer, Baldwinsville, Mass. Miss Lottie Small, trance speaker, Mechanic Falls, Me.

Mrs. M. S Townsend; in Philadelphia during January. Ad dress, Bridgewater, Vt.
Mrs Sarah M. Thompson, inspirational speaker, 86 Bank street, Cleveland, O. Francis P. Thomas, M. D., lecturer, Harmonia, Kansas. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O. N. Frank White; in Louisville, Ky., during January and February; in Cincinnati, O., during March and April. Address F. L. H. Willis, M. D.; in Providence during January. Ad

dress, Boston, Mass.

A. B. Whiting, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. S. E. Warner; in Beloit, Wis., during February, March
and April, 1867. Address, Box 14, Berlin, Wis. E. V. Wilson, Babcock's Grove, Du Page Co., Ill. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., inspirational speaker; in Illinois until the fall. Address, Chic go, Ill., Box 2903. E. S. Wheeler, inspirational speaker, 5 Columbia street, Bos-

ton. Mrs. S. A. Willis, Lawrence, Mass., P. O. Box 473 Mrs. E. M. Wolcott, Danby, Vt. Lois Waisbrooker, Java Village, Wyoming Co., New York. Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. Mrs. Mary J. Wilcox-on, January and February in Central and Southern Indiana. Address, care of Wm. Lynn, Muncie, Indiana. Prof. E. Whipple, lecturer upon Geology and the Spiritual Philes phy, Sturgis, Mich. Henry C. Wright, care of Bela Marsh, Boston. Mary E. Withee, trance speaker, 71 Williams street, Newark,

Warren Woolson, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y.
Elijah Woodworth, inspirational speaker, Leslie, Mich.
Miss H. Maria Worthing, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill.
Jonathan Whipple, Jr., inspirational and trance speaker, Mystic, Conn.

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Mrs. Julia Yeaw, Lynn, Mass., during January.

Mrs. Julia Yeaw, Lynn, Mass., during January.

Mrs. S. J. Young, trance lecturer, 208 Tremont street, corner LaGrange, Boston.

Mrs. Frances T. Young, trance speaking medium, Boston,

Electricity as a Curative Agent. WHEN IT WAS PROMULGATED BY THE Directors of the Electropathic Institute, that disease could be entirely eradicated from the system without the use of poisonous drugs, the thoughtless, and those who do not look deeply into cause and effect, scoute I the assertion as chimerical, and wrote long articles replete with sophistry, claiming that only through the digestive system could the blood be purged of the poisons which constitute disease; a great cry went up from those interested in the continued upremacy of the old system of one poison to cure another. All of the empirics joined in the chorus, and in their ignor-ance laughed at the new system, circulating base stories of its ill success, and quoting imaginary cases as proofs. Time has demonstrated their dishonesty. After five years of uninter-rupted success, the Electropathic system is the leading idea in medical jurisprudence. While by the old system physicians were content to cure one in every five cases, there were those who were diving deep into the science of the curative art: among these were the Electropathists; finally it was discovered that the failure in most of the cases of organic disease, was entirely due to the machine. Taking this view of the case, Dr. J. H. JOSSELYN, after years of experiment, has perfected an Electropathic Instrument, which will cure any disease to which flesh is heir, always to be understood that he case is not so far advanced as to show a destruction of the vital tissues. We do not claim that the use of medicines may not be more advantageous in some cases, but that, in connection with medicines, it will perform a cure much sooner than without, and also that diseases hitherto deemed incurable can be cured by this system. From early morn until late at night, this instrument is employed, imparting health and strength to all who are so fortunate as to obtain its services. Diseases which, by the old system, took months or even years to cure, are now cured in a few days or weeks. The cost, too, is not so great as by the old system, besides the saving of time

During the time that the Institute has been in operation, there has been more benefit to the human family derived from the system than from all other systems combined during the same period. Among the most troublesome diseases to which Californians have been exposed is Rheumatism; none have given the honorable practitioner more trouble to relieve, and none have pretended to cure (if we except known empirics) permanently. But this subtle disease gives way before the Electropathic System in a very short time, enabling the sufferer to go about his business without pain or the fear and dread of a relapse. And so with most other diseases, considered incurable. We mention Rheumatism because of its abundance, but we could enumerate many other diseases full as troublesome, and some far more fatal in their results. There is one more disease, or disorder which stands upon the calendar, which is fatal both to body and mind. It is one about which there has been more deception used by empirics, because it is of a private nature.

We allude to sexual debility, paraded by quacks in the journals of the day under the head of seminal weakness, spermatorrhæa, nocturnal emissious, etc. The poor victim is tent taking medicines and province at the poor victim is kept taking medicines and paying for them until his last dollar is gone, and then as soon as he undertakes to work to obtain more funds the trouble comes back in all its loathsomeness. To this disease Electropathy is peculiarly applicaole, its action being upon the spermatic nerve, strengthening the secretory organs, and at the same time, creating an equilibrium in the system, thereby preventing relapse. We dwell upon this dssease because it is one about which there has been more deception used than all others put together.

TO FEMALES.

The Directors would say, Electropathy is particularly applicable to your delicate and fragile systems, and to the numerous troublesome and painful dise ses to which you are hable; should you be irregular, a few treatments will restore the functions to the proper state without pain or inconvenience. Should you be weak and enfeebled, either general or local, this system imparts strength and vitality, making the recipient feel buoyant and youthful, where before they were languid, and enable to enjoy the pleasures of life. One great blessing connected with Electropathy is, it purifies the system so thoroughly that it beautifies the complexion, making the coarse and freekled skin as pure and fair as possible, giving the patient a fresh and healthful look.

Dr. Josselyn's Preventives are Safe and Sure.

TO THE NERVOUS. The Directors would say that you can be entirely relieved

from those dreadful feelings of evil foreboding, and your system strengthened so that nothing can disturb the current of your life: Several cases of insanity, arising from a disarrangement of the nervous system, have been permanently cured by this system. Connected with Electropathy is the celebrated

Electro-Magnetic Baths. than which there is no more powerful auxiliary in the world

for the radical cure of disease. There is no institute in the State where the Electropathic system is practiced, except

Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington Street.

Persons seeking remedial assistance may wish to know something of the system by which diseases are so rapidly removed from the body. Electricity is a fluid of so subtle a nature that it can only be studied by its results. We know that it forces everything of a foreign nature in the body upon the surface, while the vitality which it imparts fills up the vacuum, preventing thereby the subtle poison from returning to the hitterto diseased parts; and here let it be understood that the Bath should never be administered until the disease has been forced to the surface, except, perhaps, in case of cold, where fever has not set in. Its action upon mercurial diseases is peculiar. The best authorities are of the opinion that it liquefies the mercury, which, when in a liquid state, by its own specific gravity forces itself out of the body. This result has been arrived at by testing the water after an Electro-Magnetic Bath. After such tests have been found in the water the patient is not troubled any m re with those pains peruliar to the disease. In all other cases it forces itself to the surface and is washed off by the bath. The whole system in its application is a LUXURY, there being no pain or inconvenience attending upon it, but the reverse in the case, being one continued pleasure.

It would be consuming space to no purpose, to enumerate the diseases to which this system is applicable. Suffice it to say, that there is no disease within the catalogue of human ils but what can be cured at the Electropathic Institute. We have instructed the Resident Physician to warrant a perfect and permanent cure, or ask No Pay for Services, when in his The Institute was established to, if possible, prevent the unwary from falling into those dens of robbery (yelept quack doctors' traps), and hereafter the scientific originators of this Instiffute will not be to blame if the afflicted are robbed of their money, and injured in their constitution. There is also another view of the afficir. The rising generation should be reared with strong constitutions, and the Directors wish to afouse their guardians to a proper sense of their duties in the premises, if possible, to prevent them stuffing their young charges with deleterious drugs, with a chance of entailing upon the tender constitution, just forming, a

complication of eyils a thousand times worse than death. DR. Josselyn-Dear and Honored Sir-You requested me to let you know how I feel after being at home three weeks. Well, sir, I have now been here little over two weeks, and there is no return of that very unpleasant trouble. My sleep is sound and there is no disturbance of the regular laws of nature. I feel as strong as I ever did before bad habits had weakened my system. Not only has the general debility entirely disappeared, but the local trouble has gone. I feel so strong that there is no fear of its return. Considering that you only took one month to cure a disorder of seven years' stancing, I think your system almost miraculous Accept my sincere thanks, and publish this if you please; have sworn to it, as you will see.

C. EOWMAN.

State of California, County of Sacramento-ss. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this tenth day of CHAS. HART, Notary Public.

NEVADA, Nov. 8th, 1860. DEAR DOCTOR :- Pursuant to agreement, upon my arrival I sit down to pen you a few lines in acknowledgment of the great service you have rendered me, in relieving me of that painful case of neuralgia and rheumatism. When I look back and see the gallons of medicines I have swallowed to no purpose, and then think how soon you cured me, I am astonished. You were only twelve days performing a cure of the trouble for which I had taken medicine over six months, and spent hundreds of dollars. Dear Doctor, if you could see the wonder exhibited by my friends, who can hardly believe that a cure was performed without medicines; but here I have been cured, and I have not taken a drop of medicine from you nor from any one else while being treated by your splendid instrument. I shall try to show my gratitude by sending every sick man I come across to you.

Yours till death, FRANCIS GARLAND. To J. H. Josselyn, M. D. Resident Physician Electropathic

State of California, County of Nevada—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this eighth day of November, A. D. 1860. F. SPAULDING, Notary Public.

CAUTION. All persons seeking the Electropathic Institute should be careful to remember the name and number.

Electropathic Institute, 615 Washington Street.

south side, between Kearny and Montgomery, over the Restaurant,

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., Resident Physician, on the sign. With these remarks we leave the interest of the Institute with the public asking only the same generous

confidence and patronage thus far awarded to it. The shows over twenty thousand consultations, and a very large amount of suffering relieved. Persons wishing to consult the Resident Physician by Letter, can do so with the utmost confidence, and can if they wish have Electric Remedies for any disease sent to all parts of the State; all Remedies sent from the Institute warranted to be effectual All letters must be addressed plainly, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., Box 1945, San Francisco, Cal. All letters will be destroyed or returned, as directed by the writer.